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No 7
OCT.-NOV.

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STICK OF GUM WITH EACH DEPOSIT!

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Fun for all kiddies and grown-ups... the fascinating and ingenious novelty that really works just like a real gum machine. Just insert a penny, nickel or dime in a coin slot—pull the lever and out comes a stick of real gum. It's a bank too because the money remains locked in and can only be opened with a key supplied. Made of gleaming plastic and metal in two bright colors.

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Watch the wheels spin and "BINGO!"

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- 13 INCH LIFELIKE DOLL
- WASHABLE RUBBER WONDERSKIN
- SHE DRINKS, WEETS, SLEEPS, COOS

Every child's dream will come true with CUDDLES—sensational 13 inch DRINK-AND-WEET DOLL of washable rubber WONDERSKIN—the amazing new lifelike doll who SHE COOS delightfully when you squeeze her, when you hug her. Adorable CUDDLES has long wavy hair, sparkling blue eyes that open and close. She drinks from her bottle with rubber nipple (included) and then wets her diapers. You can bathe her—move her cuddly arms, legs and head—make her walk, sleep and COO! SEND NO MONEY. (C.O.D. with order, we pay postage.)

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The New SPIRAL SPEEDWAY!

- Simple, fast to assemble or take apart
- Colorful wood with metal track
- Comes complete with speed car
- Stands 28" high, 20" wide and 18" deep

It's a toy of never-ending fun, this new SPIRAL SPEEDWAY combines the most thrilling action with creative building fun. The whole family will be intrigued when a variable speed car spins down the multicolored incline. What a joy for every child to be able to point with pride to the SPIRAL SPEEDWAY and say "I put it together myself". Easy to follow, illustrated instructions make it simple and fast to assemble the SPIRAL SPEEDWAY, or take it apart. Hours of entertainment, indoors and out, can be had by young and old alike with this sturdy, inexpensive SPIRAL SPEEDWAY!

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SENSATIONAL CONTINENTAL DESIGNED NEW 1950 MOTOR CAR!!

- 5 INSIDE CONTROLS
- R-REVERSE
- N-ENGINE IDLES
- 1-FORWARD SLOW
- 2-FAST
- 3-FASTER
- STEERING WHEEL
- CONTROL AND
- BRAKE LEVER

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Turn the key and the car is off! You can make it as powerful as you wish because it's a genuine 3 door motor car that starts like first, second, third or reverse... And if you want to stop, keep your hand on the steering wheel and pull on your brake! It's the most other version of a grow-up convertible with all of the same features... large, slim lines, red rubber wheel fenders, a gleaming stainless steel running board, and two front headlights. Come already assembled in bright modern colors... A REAL toy for Junior, and Mom and Dad too. That will still thrill you every hour! SEND NO MONEY. Rush your order today. Send us your order and we'll post you one or C.O.D. plus postage.

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☐ SPIRAL SPEEDWAY \$2.98 ☐ CURDLES \$2.98

☐ MOTOR CAR \$2.98 ☐ BINGO \$2.98

☐ GLORIOUS BLONDIE \$2.98 ☐ CHEWING GUM \$1.98

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GLORIOUS "BLONDIE" WONDER DOLL WITH "RUBBER SKIN"

- 13 Inches High
- Lifelike Appearance
- She Can Be Washed
- She Has Moving Eyes

Here she is now, that CUDDLY, HUGGABLE, love-me baby GORGEOUS BLONDIE. She is 13" high and her skin is soft, tender, like real RUBBER WONDERSKIN. Every little mother will want BLONDIE. Her carriage. She gets BLONDIE easily, gently, and they're thick and long just like real hair. BLONDIE's hair can be put up in ribbons or night and rock her in bed and watch her long lashes flutter close. BLONDIE has blue eyes, she really sounds like her real dear old mother. Every child will want the doll of her life. Turn her body a bath and wash her baby RUBBER WONDERSKIN. She comes dressed in bright BIRTHDAY PARTY dress. Car, pants, shoes and stockings. Wonderful, beautiful, irresistible! Is yours for this unbelievably low price. SEND NO MONEY. Remit with order and we pay postage or C.O.D. plus postage.

EVERYBODY LOVES ME... WON'T YOU?

IMAGINE \$2.98 ONLY complete

THE SWAMI'S SECRET

Since the long-past age when wizards crouched in their musty dens, spiritualists have tried to lure phantoms through the hushed portals of the UNKNOWN!

How could this be done? That was the Swami's secret -- a secret that promised untold power -- but it was a dread power no human can control!

I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO VISIT A SPIRITUALIST-- BUT NOW THAT I'VE GOT AN APPOINTMENT WITH **SWAMI HESHUG**-- I HATE TO THINK OF WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN!

INSIDE-- ALONE WITH THE CREAKING FLOOR BOARDS--THE SWAYING DRAPES--AND THE GLINTING EYES OF SWAMI HESHUG!

I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOUR AMAZING POWERS FROM FRIENDS, SWAMI--AND I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO SUMMON THE SPIRIT OF MY UNCLE! HE DIED SIX YEARS AGO!

AH, YOUNG LADY-- HE HAS BEEN WAITING FOR THIS MOMENT! PLEASE STAND BESIDE THE CRYSTAL BALL--AND AFTER I HAVE GONE INTO A TRANCE-- YOUR UNCLE'S GHOST WILL RISE!

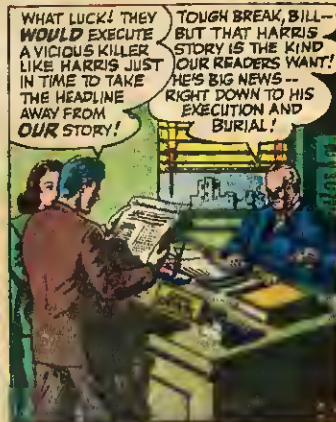
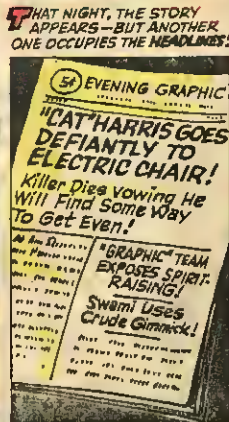
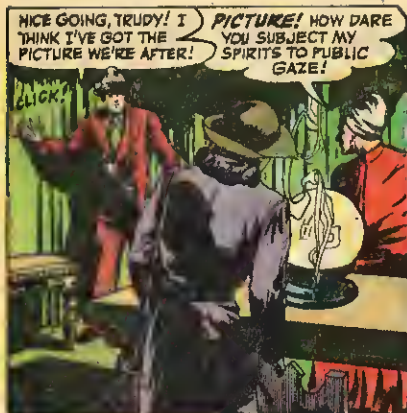
THEN--AS THE SWAMI'S VOICE DRONES INTO THE GLOOM--

I AM SURROUNDED BY SPIRITS... ONE OF THEM RECOGNIZES A FAMILIAR FACE... IT IS CROSSING OVER-- INTO THIS ROOM!

OH, HEAVENS-- I'VE SEEN ENOUGH!

SUDDENLY-- BOTH GLOOM AND TRANCE DISSOLVE IN A FLASH OF LIGHT!

IMPS OF TOPHET-- WHAT'S THAT?



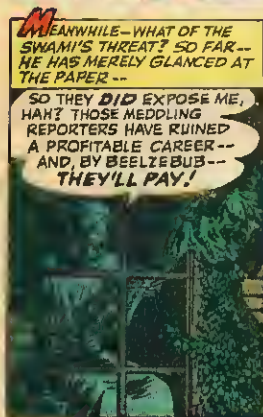


WE WANT A FOLLOW-UP ON "CAT" HARRIS--SOMETHING THAT WILL DRAMATICALLY SYMBOLIZE A KILLER'S END--**A PHOTOGRAPH OF HIS GRAVE!** IT'S FOR THE MORNING EDITION, BILL-- SO YOU'LL HAVE TO DRIVE OUT TO THE CEMETERY TONIGHT!



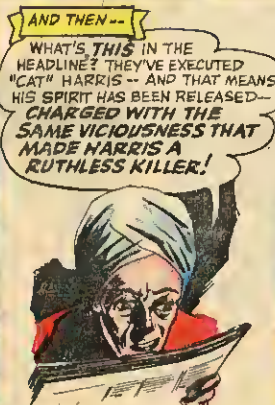
WOW! I'VE HAD SOME GRIM ASSIGNMENTS LATELY-- BUT PROWLING AROUND A CEMETERY AT NIGHT CERTAINLY TOPS 'EM!

JUST TO KEEP UP THE OLD TEAM SPIRIT--**I'LL GO ALONG WITH YOU!**



MEANWHILE-- WHAT OF THE SWAMI'S THREAT? SO FAR-- HE HAS MERELY GLANCED AT THE PAPER--

SO THEY **DID** EXPOSE ME, HAH? THOSE MEDDLING REPORTERS HAVE RUINED A PROFITABLE CAREER-- AND, BY BEELZEBUB-- **THEY'LL PAY!**



AND THEN --

WHAT'S **THIS** IN THE HEADLINE? THEY'VE EXECUTED "CAT" HARRIS -- AND THAT MEANS HIS SPIRIT HAS BEEN RELEASED-- **CHARGED WITH THE SAME VICIOUSNESS THAT MADE HARRIS A RUTHLESS KILLER!**



YES, THE HATE-RIDDEN GHOST OF "CAT" HARRIS WON'T BE AT REST UNTIL IT TAKES ITS REVENGE-- **AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WANT MYSELF!** HERE'S SOMETHING I'VE BEEN SAYING FOR JUST THIS MOMENT-- **THE SECRET METHDD USED BY THE ANCIENTS TO RAISE EVIL SPIRITS!**



HERE'S THE VERY FORMULA SET DOWN BY CORNELIUS AGRIPPA--OVER FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO! FIRST-- EXACT AMOUNTS OF CORIANDER, HENBANE, AND HEMLOCK -- NEITHER TOO MUCH NOR TOO LITTLE -- MUST BE KEPT **SMOLDERING** ON A FIRE --



THEN, AS THE SMOKE THICKENS, I WILL GO INTO A TRANCE -- AND CONDUCT THE SPIRIT OF "CAT" HARRIS TO MY RETREAT! **IT WILL OBEY ME--AS LONG AS THE MAGIC HERBS GIVE OFF THEIR FUMES!**

SOON AFTERWARD-- WITH THE MOON BROODING
OVER THE CEMETERY LIKE A GHOSTLY EYE --

HOPE WE WON'T HAVE TO
SEARCH FOR HARRIS'S
GRAVE, BILL -- IT MIGHT
TAKE **HOURS!**

PERK UP, HONEY--
THE POLICE GAVE ME
THE PRECISE SPOT!



AT THE FRESHLY-TURNED MOUND --

I KNOW THERE'S NOTHING
REALLY SPOOKY ABOUT A
CEMETERY -- BUT SOMEHOW,
I CAN'T CONVINCE MY
NERVES!

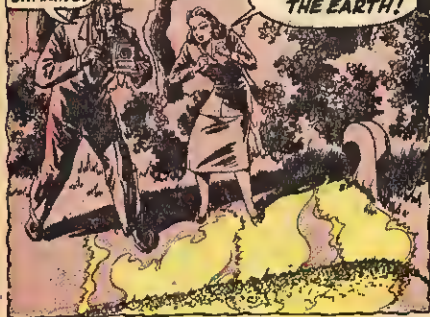
THAT'S A **FINE**
WAY TO TALK -- RIGHT
AFTER HELPING ME
DEBUNK SWAMI
HESHUG!



SUDDENLY--

FEEL THAT, TRUDY? THE
GROUND SEEMS TO BE
SHAKING!

BILL--LOOK!
THERE'S SOME KIND
OF TERRIBLE GLOW
COMING FROM
THE EARTH!



AND THEN-- BARELY SEEN IN THE DRIFTING MOONLIGHT--

BILL!

EASY...
I SEE IT!



UNEXPECTEDLY--

FUNNY! HERE I AM, HELPLESS--
AND THAT THING IS
VANISHING!



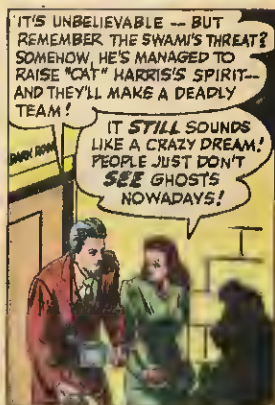
I DON'T LIKE THE WAY IT'S
STALKING US -- BUT I WANT
MORE PICTURES OF THAT
THING! KEEP CLEAR, TRUDY!

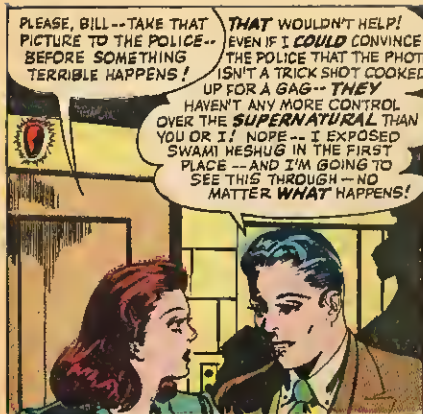


AS THE STRANGE SHAPE
HOVERS SILENTLY CLOSER--

BILL--LOOK OUT!
DON'T LET IT
GET YOU!







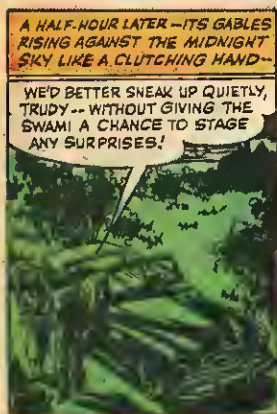
PLEASE, BILL--TAKE THAT PICTURE TO THE POLICE-- BEFORE SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAPPENS!

THAT WOULDN'T HELP! EVEN IF I COULD CONVINCE THE POLICE THAT THE PHOTO ISN'T A TRICK SHOT COOKED UP FOR A GAG-- THEY HAVEN'T ANY MORE CONTROL OVER THE SUPERNATURAL THAN YOU OR I! NOPE-- I EXPOSED SWAMI HESHUG IN THE FIRST PLACE --AND I'M GOING TO SEE THIS THROUGH--NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS!



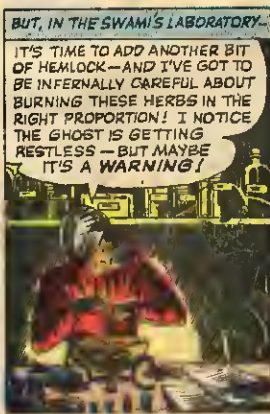
ALL RIGHT--WE'LL BOTH SEE IT THROUGH! ONLY I'D FEEL A LOT BETTER ABOUT TACKLING THE SWAMI IF WE HAD A SPRIG OF THAT HAZEL!

WE HAVE! I HAD A HUNCH, BACK AT THE CEMETERY, THAT IT MIGHT COME IN HANDY!



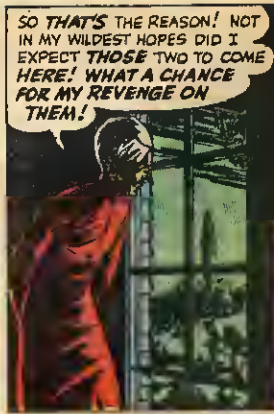
A HALF-HOUR LATER--ITS GABLES RISING AGAINST THE MIDNIGHT SKY LIKE A CLUTCHING HAND--

WE'D BETTER SNEAK UP QUIETLY, TRUDY-- WITHOUT GIVING THE SWAMI A CHANCE TO STAGE ANY SURPRISES!



BUT, IN THE SWAMI'S LABORATORY--

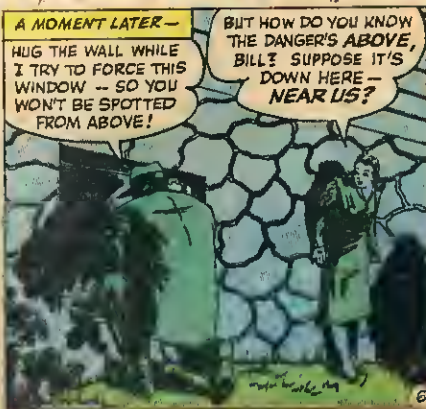
IT'S TIME TO ADD ANOTHER BIT OF HEMLOCK--AND I'VE GOT TO BE INFERNALLY CAREFUL ABOUT BURNING THESE HERBS IN THE RIGHT PROPORTION! I NOTICE THE GHOST IS GETTING RESTLESS--BUT MAYBE IT'S A WARNING!



SO THAT'S THE REASON! NOT IN MY WILDEST HOPES DID I EXPECT THOSE TWO TO COME HERE! WHAT A CHANCE FOR MY REVENGE ON THEM!



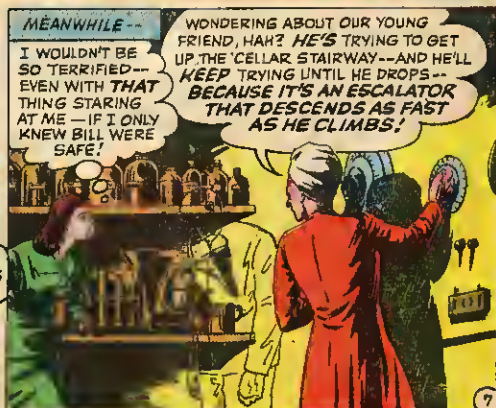
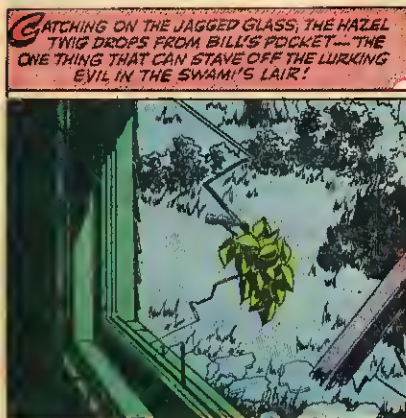
I WON'T TURN HARRIS LOOSE ON THEM YET-- NOT UNTIL THE MECHANICAL FEATURES I USE FOR MY FAKE SEANCES HAVE PROVIDED A LITTLE HAIR-RAISING ATMOSPHERE!



A MOMENT LATER--

HUG THE WALL WHILE I TRY TO FORCE THIS WINDOW -- SO YOU WON'T BE SPOTTED FROM ABOVE!

BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW THE DANGER'S ABOVE, BILL? SUPPOSE IT'S DOWN HERE -- NEAR US?



GOADED INTO AN ANGER GREATER
THAN FEAR---

I'M NOT GOING TO
STAND HERE-- AND
LET YOU TORTURE
BILL WITH YOUR
HORRIBLE
SCHEMES!

YOU THINK
THAT'S ALL
HAH? JUST
WAIT!



IN THE NEXT INSTANT--

OOOPS! I'LL BE
JIGGERED! THESE STEPS
HAVE BEEN MOVING DOWN
--AND THEY'VE
SUDDENLY STOPPED!



IT'S EASY ENOUGH TO THROW
A SWITCH--BUT NOW--LET'S
SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO
AGAINST THE SPIRIT
OF "CAT" HARRIS!

HERE'S WHERE THE
SWAMI LEARNS ABOUT
HAZEL TWIGS! GREAT
GUNS-- I'VE
LOST IT!



AS THE PHANTOM HOVERS CLOSER--

OH, BILL--
DARLING!

NOW THAT YOU'RE TOGETHER,
YOU'VE CERTAINLY GOT THE
MATERIAL FOR A GRIPPING NEW
ARTICLE ON GHOSTS--IF YOU
LIVE LONG ENOUGH
TO WRITE
IT!



JUST IN CASE WE CAN'T STOP THE
PHANTOM-- I MIGHT AS WELL TANE
CARE OF YOU WHILE I HAVE
THE CHANCE!



SHADES OF SHEOL-- MY ENTIRE SUPPLY OF
MAGIC HERBS IS BURNING! THERE'S NO
TELLING NOW WHAT THE GHOST WILL--
WHAT'S THAT?



LIKE THE SHADOW OF DOOM
REARING THROUGH THE MURK--

STOP!

IT'S GROWN LARGER--
FIERCER--AND IT'S
TURNING ON
ME!





STALKED BY THE BEING HE PLANNED TO ENSLAVE!

I'VE GOT TO FIND A WEAPON--
ANYTHING! MAYBE IF I
THREATEN IT--BRANDISH THIS
PAPER KNIFE--IT WILL
THINK I'M STILL
MASTER!



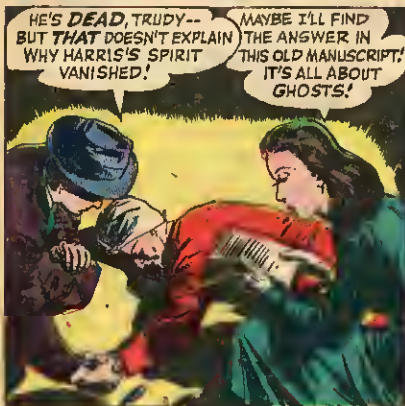
**THE SWAMI LUNGES
FORWARD--TRIPS--
AND--**

YAAAGH!



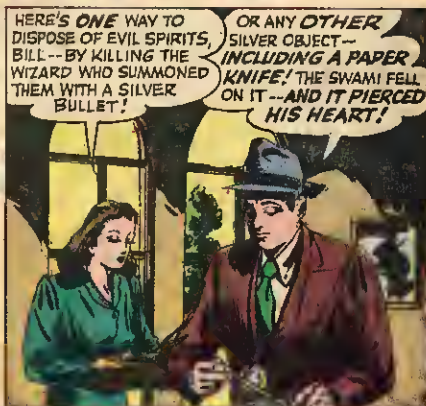
**BILL--LOOK!
THE GHOST IS
FADING OFF INTO
A THIN MIST!**

**THAT'S STRANGE--
AFTER THE SWAMI
SAID HE COULDN'T
CONTROL IT!
WONDER WHAT
HAPPENED TO
HIM!**



HE'S DEAD, TRUDY--
BUT THAT DOESN'T EXPLAIN
WHY HARRIS'S SPIRIT
VANISHED!

MAYBE I'LL FIND
THE ANSWER IN
THIS OLD MANUSCRIPT!
IT'S ALL ABOUT
GHOSTS!



HERE'S **ONE** WAY TO
DISPOSE OF EVIL SPIRITS,
BILL--BY KILLING THE
WIZARD WHO SUMMONED
THEM WITH A SILVER
BULLET!

OR ANY **OTHER**
SILVER OBJECT--
INCLUDING A PAPER
KNIFE! THE SWAMI FELL
ON IT--AND IT **PIERCED**
HIS HEART!



**WITH DAWN STREAKING THE SKY BEYOND
THE GRIM AND SILENT HOUSE --**

OH, CREEPERS! HERE
IT IS MORNING--AND WE'VE
FORGOTTEN TO GET
ANOTHER PICTURE
OF "CAT" HARRIS'S
GRAVE FOR THE
FIRST EDITION!

WHAT A FIX! IT'S A
SURE BET WE CAN'T
TURN IN **THIS**
PHOTOGRAPH FOR
PUBLICATION!



**AND THERE, IN THE GREY HALF-LIGHT,
COMES A FINAL SURPRISE!**

WE **BOTH** SAW THE
FRIGHTFUL THING THAT
CAME OUT OF THE
DEVELOPING TRAY,
BILL--BUT THE
PICTURE'S
CHANGED!

GUESS WE CAN BE
SURE "CAT" HARRIS'S
SPIRIT IS AT REST--
**BECAUSE THERE'S
NOTHING NERE BUT
THE BARE, FRESHLY-
TURNED EARTH OF
A KILLER'S
GRAVE!!**

**THE
END**

HERE'S OUR 2ND PRIZE CONTEST-WINNING STORY!...

GHOST MOTHER

by
MRS. J. YAKAHIMA

I WOULD have laughed, once, if you asked me whether I believed in ghosts. Now, I'm not so sure. The reason dates back to Okinawa, during the fiery days of the second world war. The Americans were routing the Japanese in a bitterly-fought engagement, and the island was a virtual inferno. Shells shrieked through the air, bombs fell from the sky in a frenzied nightmare of rending horror. It was a life-or-death ordeal for the military, as well as for the native Okinawans, of whom I am one. I'll never forget it—never forget how we fled from the barrage.

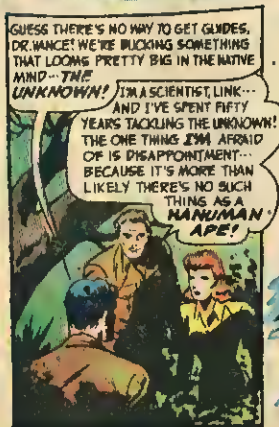
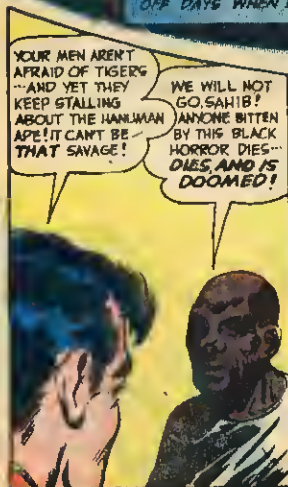
I remember running with my wife—like the others, trying to find any shelter. It was a pitch-black night, rent by daring explosions which dimly illuminated the grotesque heaps of bodies which lay sprawled everywhere, victims of the scourge we were attempting to escape. It was then, in a moment of sudden silence, that we heard it—a weak and childish crying that seemed oddly terrifying in itself. There couldn't be a child here—not in the midst of this carnage! But there was—a thin and miserable lad of about five or six who came faltering towards us through the eerie gloom. I ran toward him, clutched him to me comfortingly. "What is it, sonnie?" I asked. "Lose your mother?"

A heartbroken sob was enough answer for me, and his choked syllables soon supplied the rest of the tragic story. For the child's mother was dead—killed by shrapnel as she fled for safety with her small son. And now he was alone, unprotected amid this horrible strife! Mysteriously, he pressed a tattered photograph into my hand. Obviously, it was his mother—a slight and wistful-looking woman with dark and haunting eyes, a faint scar like a half-moon cutting across her left cheek. I tried to cheer the lad by telling him he could come with us, share our food—that we would care for him and protect him from harm. And so it was that my wife and myself continued our search for shelter amid the raging battle, but this time with the helpless child of a dead woman!

There was little rest that night. It seemed as if the heavens themselves had opened, raining blazing bombs upon us. From spot to spot we fled, the three of us, driven by a relentless hail of fire. We sought protection finally in a deep crater, and there fell into a sleep of utter exhaustion. It must have been hours later that I awoke with a sudden start and a feeling of strange unease. I didn't know what had aroused me, but then I saw her there—a woman whose features were barely distinguishable in the gloom. She was beckoning to me frantically, signalling for me to awake the others and follow her. I don't know why I obeyed her, but there was something about her—some strange presence—that brooked no denial. As I woke my wife and the child, the moon passed from behind a cloud, throwing an eerie radiance about this new visitor. She was a slight and wistful-looking woman with dark and haunting eyes, a faint scar like a half-moon cutting across her left cheek. I gasped, remembering the photograph, and it was at this moment that the lad caught sight of her. "Mother! Mother! You've come back!" he screamed, and threw himself frantically into her arms. I stood there dazed, rooted to the spot, cold chills chasing each other up and down my spine—and then collected myself.

Now she had detached herself from her son's grasp, and once more was soundlessly beckoning to us. There was a mute appeal about her summons that couldn't be denied. We quit the crater in which we had sought shelter, followed her questioningly across the pitted field. We must have been a hundred feet from the crater when it happened. The air was rent by the demonic shriek of a falling bomb. There was a tremendous concussion as we hurled ourselves to the ground. When we arose, fearfully, it was to a terrible sight. The crater in which but a moment ago we had slept was vanished—blown to smithereens! Shaken, I turned to thank the woman, but there was no one there. *She had vanished into thin air!*

The APE DEMON



AND SO THE PARTY SETS OUT...
HEADING INTO THE STRANGELY QUIET,
MIST-SHROUDED JUNGLE!

WEIRD, ISN'T IT?
IT'S SO STILL
THAT I'VE GOT
A FEELING OF
BEING
WATCHED!

CERTAINLY IS
PECULIAR, JEAN!
WE'RE DEEP IN THE
TROPICAL FOREST
---AND WE HAVEN'T
COME ACROSS A
SINGLE ANIMAL
OR BIRD! THERE'S
NOTHING---NOTHING
BUT **SILENCE!**



BUT MAYBE THAT SILENCE HAS
A SHAPE---THE HIDEOUS FORM
CROUCHED HIGH IN A NEARBY
TREE!



FOR THE REST OF HER LIFE, JEAN WILL
REMEMBER THIS INSTANT---WHEN SHE
CASUALLY STOPPED---AND RAISED HER
COMPACT!

WHAT'S THE
MATTER, JEAN
---SOMETHING
ON YOUR
FACE?

JUST A
COBWEB!

**OHMM!
LINK!**



GARRRGH!

THE
HANDMAN APE!
BLAZES, LINK---
WE'LL NEVER BE
ABLE TO GET
HIM DOWN FROM
THERE!

JUST A BEAST AT BAY? BUT THE OLD HEADMAN HAD
TREMBLED---WHEN HE CALLED IT THE **BLACK
HORROR!**

I'D HATE TO CLIMB UP AFTER
HIM, DR. VANCE---BUT THERE'S ANOTHER
WAY! WE'LL BRING UP A CAGE---AND THEN
SPREAD THE NETS DIRECTLY UNDER THE BRANCH
HE'S PERCHED
ON!



AND SO...

CRRAK!

GARRRGH!

HERE
HE
COMES!

CAREFUL, DR.
VANCE! DON'T
TAKE ANY
CHANCES!

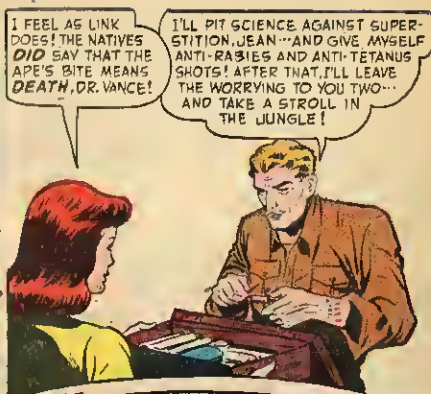
THE VICIOUS DEVIL...
HE NICKED ME ON
THE WRIST! NICE
TRY, YOU BRUTE...
BUT YOU'RE NOT
ESCAPING!





WHAT A SPECIMEN, LINK! I NEVER DREAMED SUCH A THING EXISTED!

THAT BITE YOU GOT IS JUST A SCRATCH...BUT SOMEHOW, I DON'T LIKE IT! WHERE'S THE FIRST-AID KIT, JEAN?



I FEEL AS LINK DOES! THE NATIVES DID SAY THAT THE APE'S BITE MEANS DEATH, DR. VANCE!

I'LL PIT SCIENCE AGAINST SUPERSTITION, JEAN...AND GIVE MYSELF ANTI-RABIES AND ANTI-TETANUS SHOTS! AFTER THAT, I'LL LEAVE THE WORRYING TO YOU TWO... AND TAKE A STROLL IN THE JUNGLE!

HALF-BURIED IN THE SILENT GREEN DEPTHS...

CRIMPERS, A RUINED TEMPLE...AND A BIG ONE!

IMAGINE THE NATIVES FEARING THIS REGION...WHEN IT WAS ONCE A CENTER OF CIVILIZATION!



SOON AFTERWARD...

DR. VANCE CAN LAUGH... BUT I STILL FEEL THE NATIVES ARE RIGHT ABOUT LEAVING THE APE HERE...WHERE IT BELONGS! THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT IT THAT SCARES ME, LINK!

LISTEN! DR. VANCE IS CALLING US!



BUT THIS CIVILIZATION WAS ROOTED IN TERROR... SOMETHING THAT LINK IS GOING TO LEARN!

HERE'S THE MAIN ENTRANCE ARCH! FUNNY I SHOULD WANT TO GO IN...AND YET FEEL IT'S BEST I DON'T!

TERROR...TERROR RISING IN GRIM RANKS FROM THE DANK FOLIAGE!

STATUES...CARVED AGES AGO... EXACTLY LIKE THAT THING WE'VE GOT IN THE CAGE!





"ONLY THE POWER OF OUR GREAT GOD SIVA HAS KEPT HANUMAN IN THE JUNGLE!" THAT'S WHAT THE OLD HEADMAN TOLD US--AND I'M GETTING A QUEER NOTION THAT HE KNOWS WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT!



LINK-- WHERE ARE YOU?

COMING, JEAN!

WHAT WITH DR. VANCE HAVING BEEN BITTEN BY THE APE--AND JEAN UNEASY ABOUT IT--I'M NOT GOING TO SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THIS! NO USE TELLING THEM THERE'S SOMETHING BEHIND THE NATIVES' TERROR!

(A) WEEK LATER--ON A SHIP BOUND FOR THE STATES--

NOW THAT WE'VE GOT THE APE IN A STURDY STEEL CAGE DOWN IN THE HOLD, LINK-- I FEEL A BIT EASIER ABOUT THOSE WEIRD JUNGLE LEGENDS!

I'M SURE THERE'S NOTHING IN THAT YARN ABOUT THE APE'S BITE BEING DEADLY-- BUT JUST THE SAME-- I DON'T LIKE THE WAY DR. VANCE HAS BEEN ACTING SINCE WE SAILED YESTERDAY!



HE HASN'T LEFT HIS CABIN ONCE! HE SEEMS TO BE TROUBLED BY SOMETHING-- BUT IT ISN'T LIKE DR. VANCE TO BROOD OVER A NATIVE MYTH!

IT IS FOOLISH TO MOCK THE MYTHS OF INDIA, MY FRIEND!



WHAT? WHO ARE YOU?

MY NAME DOES NOT MATTER! IT WOULD MEAN LITTLE TO THOSE WHO DO NOT REALIZE THE TERROR THEY HAVE RELEASED FROM THE JUNGLE!



YOU MEAN... THE HANUMAN APE?

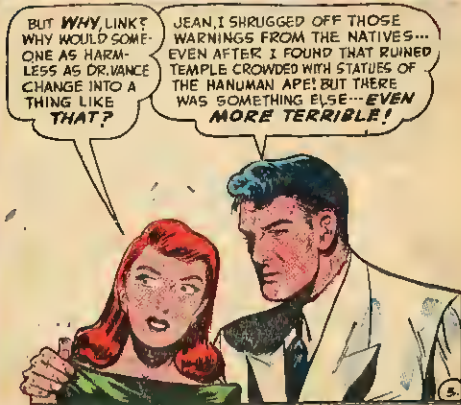
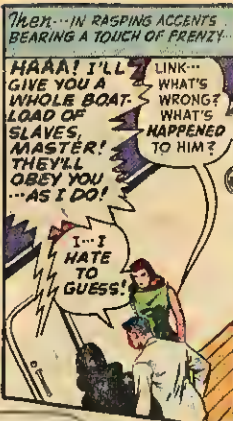
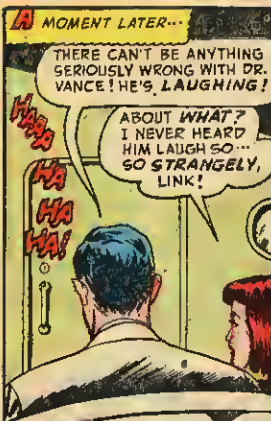
TAKE THIS AS A TALISMAN-- AND PRAY THAT IT HAS NOT COME TOO LATE!



I HATE TO SOUND SILLY, LINK-- BUT PLEASE LET'S SEE HOW DR. VANCE IS!

I WAS JUST GOING TO SUGGEST IT! LET'S GO TO HIS CABIN-- NOW!



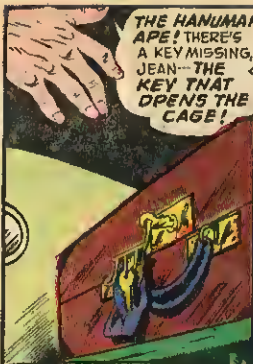


THE APE'S BITE MEANT NOT ONLY DEATH... BUT DOOM... AS WELL! AND WHAT CAN THAT MEAN BUT ENSLAVEMENT BY A DEMON-- A DEMON IN THE FORM OF AN APE?

ENSLAVEMENT... THEN THE MASTER TO WHOM DR. VANCE PROMISED A WHOLE BOATLOAD OF SLAVES... IS...



THE HANUMAN APE! THERE'S A KEY MISSING, JEAN-- THE KEY THAT OPENS THE CAGE!



SUDDENLY...

LINK! IT'S OPENING!

WAIT... KEEP YOUR HEAD...



THE STEWARD! WHAT BROUGHT HIM HERE?

WE'LL LET THAT WAIT!... GET THE SHIP'S DOCTOR, STEWARD-- AND HAVE HIM EXAMINE DR. VANCE'S BODY!



BUT WHO WOULDN'T GET PANICKY--DESCENDING FOOT BY FOOT INTO THE GLOOM--TOWARD CERTAIN TERROR?

I'M NOT SURE WHAT I'LL FIND DOWN HERE... BUT I'D BETTER GO ALONE!

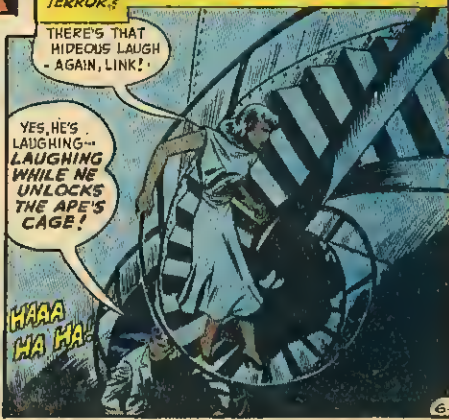
PLEASE, LINK! WHAT- EVER HAPPENS-- I PROMISE NOT TO GET PANICKY!



THERE'S THAT hideous LAUGH - AGAIN, LINK!

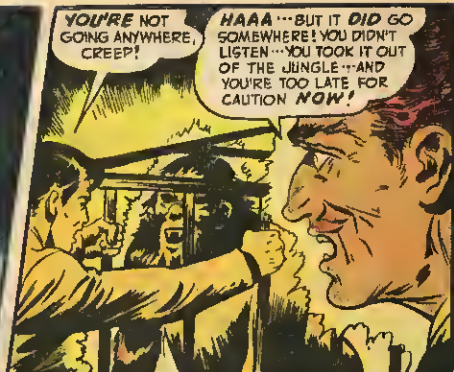
YES, HE'S LAUGHING-- LAUGHING WHILE HE UNLOCKS THE APE'S CAGE!

HAAA HA HA!





WITH INFERNAL STRENGTH...THE
POWER OF A DEMON UNLEASHED...



YOU'RE NOT
GOING ANYWHERE,
CREEP!

HAAA...BUT IT DID GO
SOMEWHERE! YOU DIDN'T
LISTEN...YOU TOOK IT OUT
OF THE JUNGLE...AND
YOU'RE TOO LATE FOR
CAUTION NOW!

MIGHT HAVE GUESSED
IT WOULD BE LIKE
SWINGING ON A
BOULDER! GET
AWAY, JEAN...
FAST!

IF I ONLY HAD SOMETHING...BUT
THERE'S THAT TALISMAN THE
STRANGER GAVE US...IN
LINK'S POCKET!



BUT CAN ANY TALISMAN...ANY CHARM...CHECK A
FIEND WHOSE EVIL IS AGELESS?

WHAT ARE YOU REACHING
FOR...A GUN? A SCREAM FOR
A CANNON...A BOMB...AND
SEE HOW MUCH GOOD THEY'D
DO!

IT'S NOT A WEAPON
--IT'S NOTHING
DEADLY...BUT
IT'S GOT TO
WORK!



THEN...AS THE GOLD STATUETTE GLINTS
IN THE MURKY SHADOWS...



A MOMENT OF CONVULSIVE ANGUISH... A FINAL SHUDDER... AND THE APE STANDS RIGID IN THE GLOOM!

LOOK AT IT! IT'S TURNED INTO STONE... A STONE STATUE!

JUST LIKE THE ONES I FOUND AT THE RUINED TEMPLE, JEAN! NOW... WATCH WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THE GHOST OF DR. VANCE!

DRIFTING LIKE SMOKE BEFORE THE WIND... ITS HARSH VOICE FADING IN A DYING WHISPER...

MASTER! MASTER!

WE'VE BROKEN THE HANUMAN APE'S EVIL POWER--AND DR. VANCE'S SPIRIT IS RELEASED! I'M GLAD ABOUT THAT MUCH... BUT LET'S GET UP TO THE CABIN AND SEE WHAT THE DOCTOR LEARNED!

WE'RE DR. VANCE'S ASSISTANTS! WOULD YOU SAY THERE WAS ANYTHING... MYSTERIOUS... ABOUT HIS DEATH?

IT'S HARD TO SAY! IT COULD BE SOMETHING UNKNOWN... OR IT COULD BE JUNGLE FEVER... THE SEVERE KIND THAT CAN KILL IN A MATTER OF HOURS!

FINE LITTLE ANTIQUE YOU'VE GOT THERE! BUT I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW IT'S AN ANCIENT FIGURE OF THE GREAT GOD SIVA!

SIVA... THE ONE POWER THAT KEPT THE APE FROM LEAVING THE JUNGLE! BUT SPEAKING OF STATUES, DOCTOR... THERE'S ANOTHER ONE I WANT YOU TO SEE... DOWN IN THE HOLD!

A MOMENT LATER...

YOU SEEM TO KNOW A LOT ABOUT HINDU LEGENDS! CAN YOU TELL US ANYTHING ABOUT THIS HANUMAN APE STATUE?

FRANKLY, I'VE NEVER HEARD OF A HANUMAN APE! THIS THING MAY LOOK APELIKE... BUT IT REPRESENTS HANUMAN... THE DEMON BEHIND ALL EVIL!

YOU WERE LUCKY TO FIND SUCH A FINE SPECIMEN... THESE DEMON STATUES ARE ALMOST UNKNOWN! FOR SOME REASON... THE NATIVES HAVE BEEN SMASHING IMAGES OF HANUMAN FOR OVER THREE THOUSAND YEARS!

YES... THEY KNOW! I'VE GOT A STRANGE REQUEST TO MAKE, DOCTOR! I WANT A DECK CREW TO RAISE THIS THING OUT OF THE HOLD WITH A CARGO WINCH-- AND OUMP IT INTO THE SEA!

Later...

I'M GLAD YOU UNLOCKED DR. VANCE'S CABIN FOR US, STEWARD... BUT WHAT MADE YOU TURN UP?

WELL, SIR... I THOUGHT I'D GO AND TELL DR. VANCE THAT YOU AND THE YOUNG LADY WERE ACTING A BIT QUEER! GAVE ME QUITE A TURN TO SEE YOU BOTH SITTING HERE... TALKING TO AN EMPTY CHAIR!

AS THE APE DEMON PLUNGES INTO THE GREEN DEPTHS THAT WILL CLOSE UPON IT FOREVER...

LINK--WE DID GET THE FIGURINE OF SIVA FROM SOMEONE... BUT THE STEWARD DIDN'T SEE HIM!

MAYBE IT'S SOMETHING THAT MUST BE BELIEVED BEFORE IT CAN BE SEEN, DARLING--SOMETHING THAT KEEPS THE FORCES OF TERROR CHECKED--THE POWER OF THE GREAT GOD SIVA!

The MUMMY'S CLOTH

TIME: THE PRESENT.
PLACE: THE VALLEY OF THE NILE, EGYPT. A PARTY FROM THE INTERNATIONAL ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY HAS JUST UNCOVERED THE TOMB OF SESOSTRIS, PHAROAH OF THE TWELFTH DYNASTY...UNWITTINGLY BLAZING THE PATH FOR ONE OF THE MOST GRIPPING ADVENTURES EVER TO HAVE EMERGED FROM OUT OF THE GREAT UNKNOWN!

WHAT A FIND...EH, DICK? ONE OF THE FEW TOMBS THAT HAS NEVER BEEN RAIDED BY ROBBERS! BIGGEST COLLECTION OF HISTORICAL DATA THAT'S EVER BEEN DUG UP, TOO!

LET'S OPEN THE SARCOPHAGUS, DOC...I'M ANXIOUS TO HAVE A LOOK AT THAT OLD BOY IN PERSON!

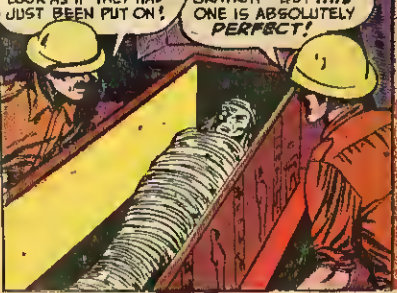
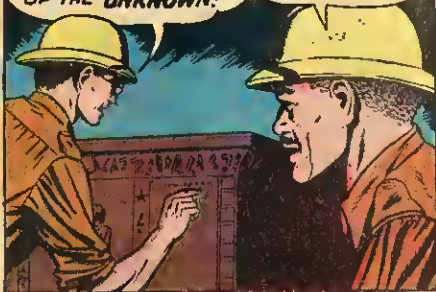


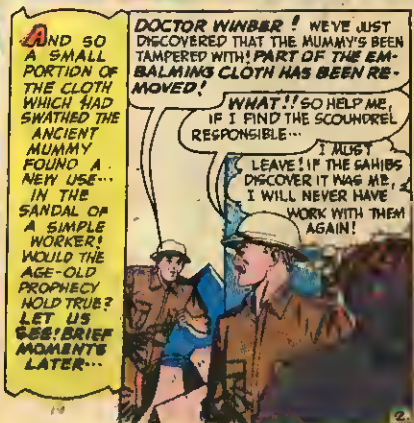
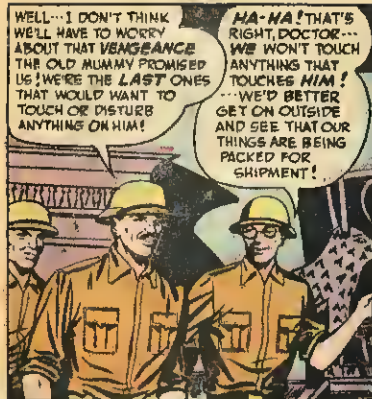
HEY...WHAT'S THIS? I'M A LITTLE RUSTY ON MY HIEROGLYPHICS, BUT...HAMMM...HE THAT TOUCHES AUGHT THAT TOUCHES ME SHALL SUFFER THE VENGEANCE OF THE UNKNOWN!!

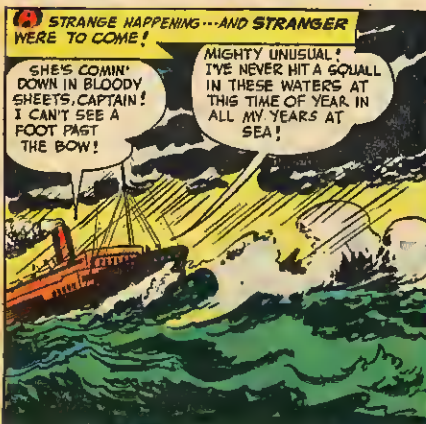
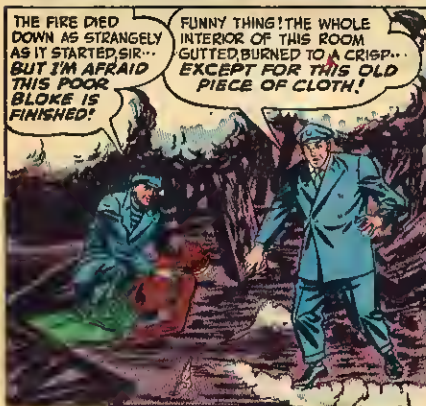
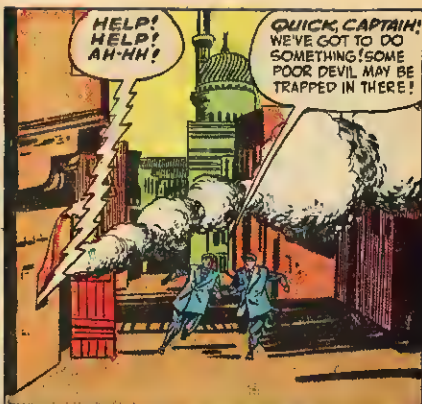
OLD SESOSTRIS WAS PROBABLY JUST TRYING TO SCARE OFF GRAVE-ROBBERS, I GUESS! FORGET IT...AND LET'S GET THAT LID OFF!

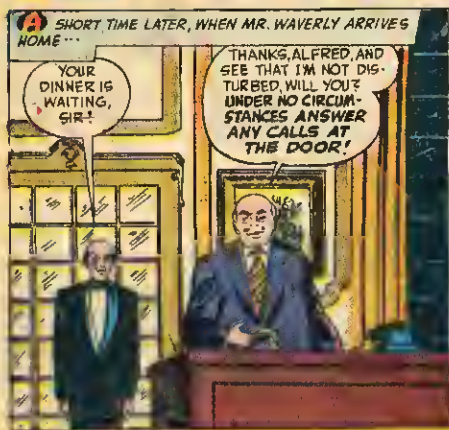
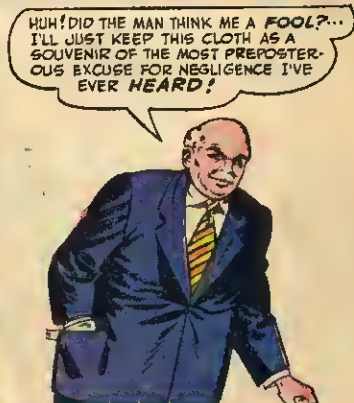
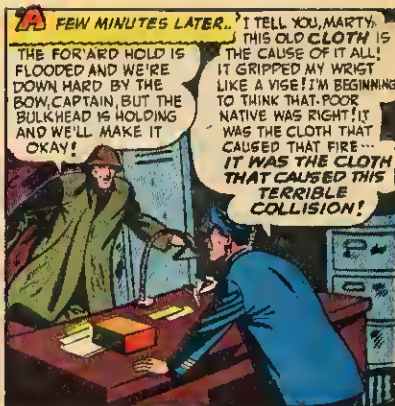
WOW! LOOK AT HIM! ...THIS OLD BOY IS ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE SPECIMENS I'VE EVER SEEN! HE'S PERFECTLY PRESERVED...THE EMBALMING BANDAGES LOOK AS IF THEY HAD JUST BEEN PUT ON!

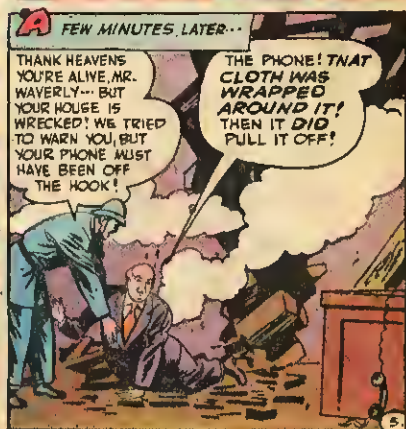
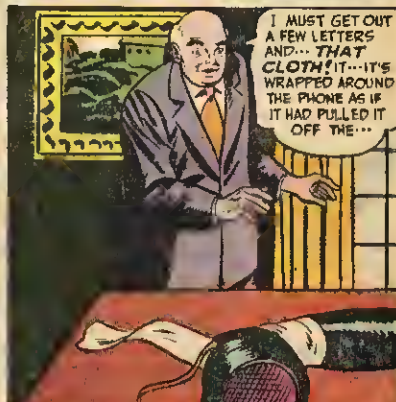
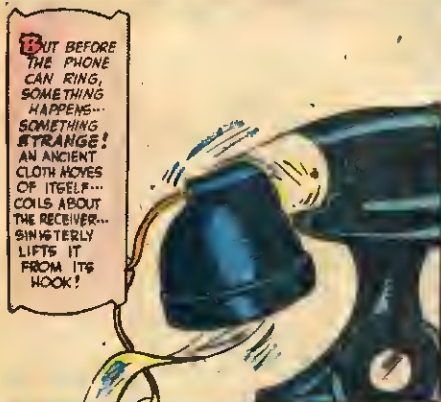
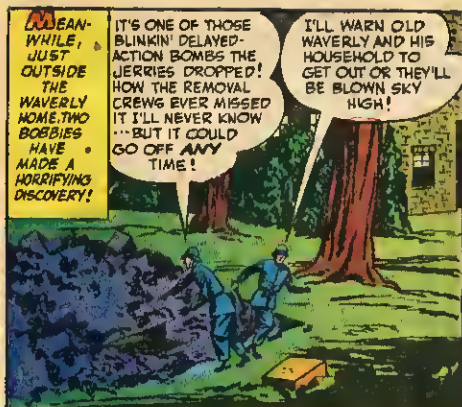
THIS WILL BE A FEATHER IN OUR CAP, SIR! EVERY OTHER MUMMY DISCOVERED HAS BEEN IN SOME STATE OF DISINTEGRATION...BUT THIS ONE IS ABSOLUTELY PERFECT!

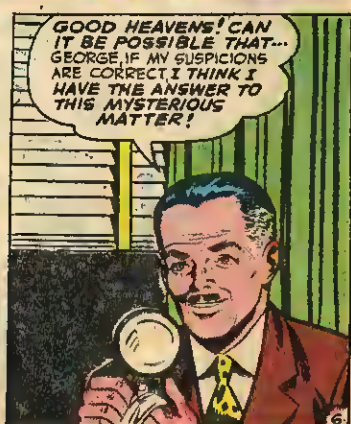
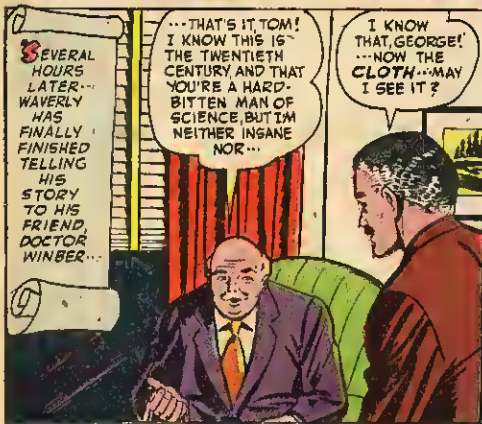
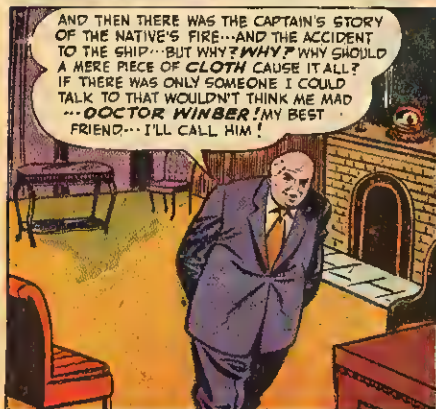
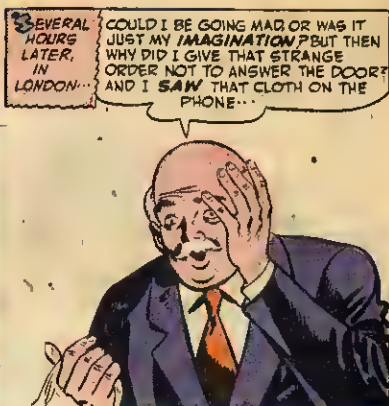














QUICK, GET ON YOUR COAT! WE'RE GOING TO THE **BRITISH MUSEUM!** I'LL CALL AND MAKE ARRANGEMENTS FOR US TO GET IN!

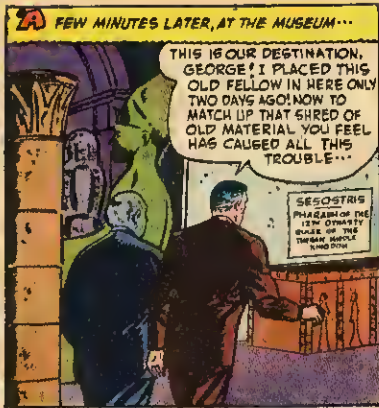


IT FITS! IT'S THE MISSING CLOTH OF **SESOSTRIS!** GEORGE, I THINK I CAN EXPLAIN ALL OF THIS TO YOU **NOW!**



MAYBE, GEORGE... IT'S HARD TO TELL! HOWEVER, I THINK IT'S SAFE TO SAY THAT NO FURTHER MISFORTUNE WILL BEFALL YOU!

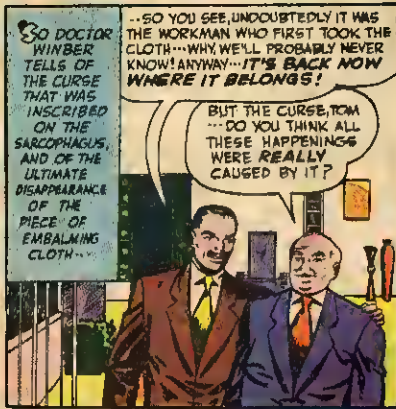
FIRST THING IN THE MORNING, I'M GIVING THAT CAPTAIN BACK HIS BERTH ABOARD THE **MARY B.!** GOOD NIGHT, AND THANKS, TOM!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, AT THE MUSEUM...

THIS IS OUR DESTINATION, GEORGE! I PLACED THIS OLD FELLOW IN HERE ONLY TWO DAYS AGO! NOW TO MATCH UP THAT SHRED OF OLD MATERIAL YOU FEEL HAS CAUSED ALL THIS TROUBLE...

SESOSTRIS
PHARAOH OF THE
19TH DYNASTY
BURIED IN THE
TOMB OF THE
GREAT MONK
AND HIS



SO DOCTOR WINNER TELLS OF THE CURSE THAT WAS INSCRIBED ON THE SARCOPHAGUS, AND OF THE ULTIMATE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE PIECE OF EMBALMING CLOTH...

--SO YOU SEE, UNDOUBTEDLY IT WAS THE WORKMAN WHO FIRST TOOK THE CLOTH... WHY WE'LL PROBABLY NEVER KNOW! ANYWAY... IT'S **BACK NOW WHERE IT BELONGS!**

BUT THE CURSE, TOM... DO YOU THINK ALL THESE HAPPENINGS WERE **REALLY** CAUSED BY IT?



A AND SO, EVEN TO THIS DAY WITHIN THE BRITISH MUSEUM...

SO THE OLD BLOKE MADE UP A CURSE TO SCARE ANYBODY FROM TOUCHIN' 'IM, EH?

HAWING WONDER THOSE OLD BOYS WERE KINGS, WHEN THEY COULD HAND THEIR SUBJECTS THAT KIND OF BUNK AND MAKE 'EM BELIEVE IT!

TRANSLATION OF THE
CURSE OF
SESOSTRIS

WERE THESE HAPPENINGS ACCIDENTAL? OR DID THE CURSE OF SESOSTRIS REALLY WORK? WHAT DO YOU THINK, READER?

TIMELESS IS THE NIGHT

THE doctor's waiting room was crowded. But in the office, the old doctor stood idle by the window, looking out, his gaze turned to the weather-beaten shingle on the gatepost . . . *Michael Everett, M.D.* Just below was another, gleaming new . . . *Michael Everett III, M.D.* The young man seated by the desk was a carbon copy of his grandfather. His glance was fond, his voice confident as he spoke.

"Believe me, I've learned one fact! There's *nothing* that medical science can't do . . . can't explain!"

The old doctor turned away from the window. "Nothing that science can't explain?" he asked. His voice was the voice of a wise man facing a lifetime of memories. "How long ago it was . . . and how short a time it seems . . . that I too was proud, confident of the powers of science! I was new in town, and full of my medical knowledge. I couldn't sleep nights waiting for my first call. I knew it would come, and it did—at night, of course!"

"When my doorbell rang that night, I leaped from my bed to answer. At the door there was no one. *Not a soul!* But on the threshold I found a note. And fifteen minutes later, I found myself in the hall of a large house on Silver Hill. My patient was rich, and beautiful. Her hair was blacker than coal against the satin coverlet of her bed. Her face—whiter than milk! Her lungs were laboring, but thank Heaven there was still time to head off pneumonia. Piti-fully, the girl cried out, 'Doctor, save me! I don't want to die!' As gently as I could, I comforted her and wrote out my prescription.

"You'll be fine . . . fine!" I promised confidently. "Science knows just the way to save your life! Send one of the servants for this medicine. I'll stop

in to see you first thing in the morning."

"Next day, I came back to Silver Hill. I was whistling as I turned the corner to the house. Strange . . . the corner was overgrown with a tangle of weeds! And the house—suddenly I stopped, shocked breathless.

"In the light of day, the house was grey, broken, crumbling. An old ruin, in the space of a single night! A hand tapped my shoulder. I turned quickly.

"The old man had come up from the street. 'Who be ye, and what're ye after, son?' he asked. 'This place has been deserted fer ten years!'

"My voice grew loud and wild. 'What do you mean? Hear me, old fool, I was in there myself *last night!*'

"The old man's reply was like the cackle of a parrot. 'There ain't been anyone livin' there fer ten years. Come on in an' see fer yerself!'

"Inside, the richness was gone. Grime, soot remained. And one thing more . . . *the smell of death!* I remembered the way to the girl's room. It was deserted. The bed was broken, empty with the emptiness of years . . . *ten years!*

"Behind me, the old man babbled, 'Ain't no one been livin' here *since the purty young mistress died!*'

"All at once, I was down on my knees on the floor, bending over a scrap of clean, white paper. I couldn't pick it up. I couldn't look at it . . . and yet I couldn't hear to tear my eyes away! I was shaking uncontrollably. My voice was a shout for help.

"Here, old one . . . here! This is the prescription I wrote for my patient last night . . . *in my own handwriting!*"

The old doctor turned back to the window. In the chair by the office desk, the younger Doctor Michael Everett was silent.

DRUMS *of the* UNDEAD

AN ANCIENT SUPERSTITION, OLD AS THE JUNGLE GODS THEMSELVES, CLAIMS THAT SOULS CAN BE ENSNARED BY THE POWER OF VODOO...PROWLING AS ZOMBIES THROUGH AN ETERNAL NIGHT! THEIR SIGNAL IS A RUM...A VODOO DRUM...THE HALF-HEARD, HALF-FELT THROB THAT SUMMONS THE UNDEAD!



GLAD YOU DROPPED IN, SHEILA! I'M ILLUSTRATING A STORY ON HAITI...AND WITHOUT BACKGROUND MATERIAL...I'M STUCK!

HOW ABOUT DIGGING UP YOUR OWN BACKGROUND MATERIAL? IT JUST MEANS TAKING A CAMERA TO THE MUSEUM!



I'VE HEARD THAT HAITI IS THE HOME OF VODOO! WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, BILL?

NOT MANY PEOPLE KNOW! ALL I'M SURE OF IS THAT IT'S A GOOD THING TO STAY AWAY FROM!

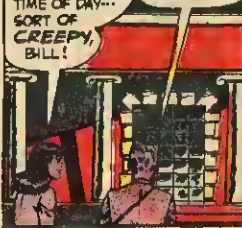
OH, MURDER...I DIDN'T REALIZE IT'S PAST CLOSING TIME! THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT MUSEUMS THIS TIME OF DAY... SORT OF CREEPY, BILL!

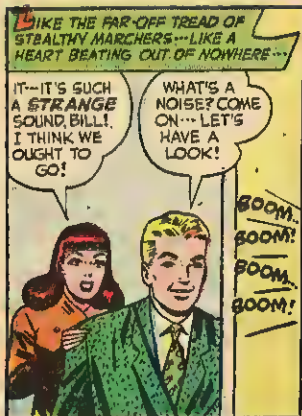
WASN'T THIS YOUR IDEA? WE'RE GOING INSIDE...I'VE GOT AN AFTER-HOURS PASS!

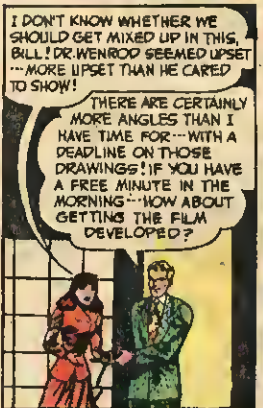
AND SO...THROUGH THE SHADOWED CORRIDORS--STIRRING WITH ECSTASY...

THAT'S THE STUFF I WANT--THINGS THAT ALMOST MURMUR ABOUT MYSTERIOUS MIDNIGHT RITUALS!

BILL...STOP! YOU'RE MAKING ME IMAGINE THINGS...OR IS IT IMAGINATION?







THE GIRL IN THE MUSEUM! WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT, ANYWAY?



THE PHOTOGRAPH! I WILL NOT THREATEN OR FRIGHTEN YOU... I PLEAD... GIVE ME THE FILM!

IF YOU COULD ONLY UNDERSTAND WHAT THE DRUM MEANS TO ME... YOU WOULD KNOW WHY I HURRIED TO THE MUSEUM WHEN I ARRIVED FROM HAITI TODAY! YOU WOULD NOT ASK QUESTIONS... OR TAKE PICTURES!



JUST A DRUM... A QUAIN'T LITTLE DRUM... NOT WORTH A PICTURE... NOT WORTH YOUR PEACE OF MIND!



BUT WORTH A TWO THOUSAND MILE TRIP FROM HAITI, EH? YOU CAN SWITCH OFF THE ACT, SISTER... I'M NOT LISTENING!

YOU WOULDN'T GET THE FILM EVEN IF I HAD IT... BUT AS A MATTER OF FACT, I GAVE IT TO SHEILA! THE PICTURE WILL BE IN TOMORROW'S TABLOIDS... IF YOU'RE INTERESTED!

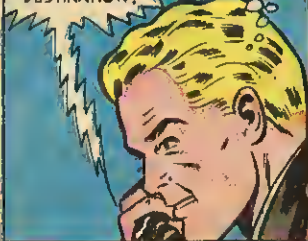


THEN IT IS DECIDED! YOU CANNOT GUESS MY POWER... YOU CANNOT SENSE YOUR DANGER... BUT YOU WILL FIND OUT!

WHAT A CASE... MUTTERING ABOUT POWER DANGER! CARIBBEAN CRUISE SHIPS DOCK ONLY ON SATURDAYS... SO SHE MUST HAVE COME IN ON A PLANE! LET'S SEE... SOUTHERN AIRLINES MAKES A DIRECT RUN FROM HAITI...



THERE WAS ONLY ONE WOMAN ANSWERING YOUR DESCRIPTION ON TODAY'S PLANE! SHE'S LISTED AS ERZULIE BOGOR... NO AGE... NO ADDRESS... NO DESTINATION!



GREAT! THANKS A LOT!

NERTS ON WORK... THIS I'VE GOT TO TELL SHEILA ABOUT!

NATURALLY, THERE WOULDN'T BE LIGHTS IN SHEILA'S HOUSE... IT'S LATE! NOTHING TO GET SO JUMPY ABOUT!

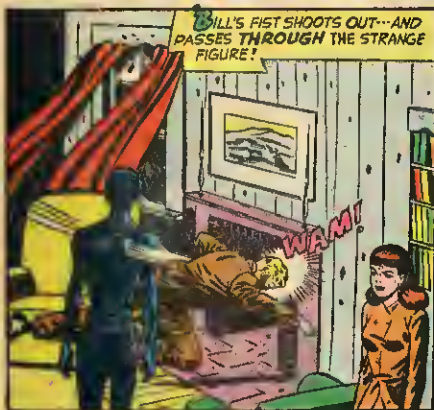


NOTHING? THEN WHY BE TENSE WITH A COLD FEAR... AND WHY THAT STRANGE THUDDING OF A DRUM?

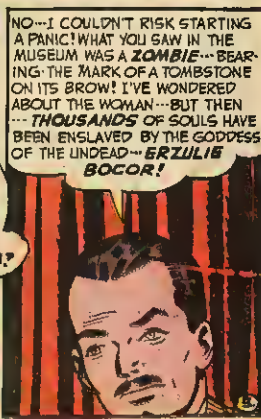
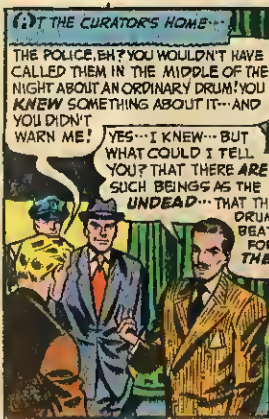


SHEILA... WHAT'S WRONG? WHY DON'T YOU SAY SOMETHING?

BOOM... BOOM!



**MINUTES
LATER...**



ERTULIE BOCOR! THAT'S HER NAME... THE WOMAN WHO TOOK THE DRUM! SHE SENT ONE OF THOSE THINGS AFTER SHEILA... AND THE CAMERA... AND SHEILA HAD THE ZOMBIE SIGN ON HER FOREHEAD!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO SAVE SHEILA AND DEFEAT THE AWFUL CREATURE WHO HAS HER IN HER POWER! WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT CAMERA BACK... AND FAST!



IF ERTULIE'S PICTURE WERE TO BE DEVELOPED IT WOULD BE DEADLY TO HER... AS DEADLY AS A BULLET WOULD BE TO A HUMAN! WE DON'T KNOW WHERE SHE IS... BUT WE DO KNOW THAT SHE HATES YOU FOR HAVING CAUSED HER THIS TROUBLE!

I GET IT! YOU'RE PLANNING A TRAP FOR HER... USING ME AS BAIT! WHAT'S YOUR PLAN?



HYPNOTIZING YOU! IT LOWERS YOUR MENTAL RESISTANCE... AND THE UNDEAD WILL SENSE YOUR WEAKNESS! THE REST OF US WILL KEEP IN THE BACKGROUND... WHILE THAT EVIL THING SENDS ONE OF HER EMBASSIES AFTER YOU!



SO THIS, TO SAVE SHEILA, BILL CONSENTS TO AN EXPERIMENT FRAUGHT WITH DEADLY DANGER!



YOU'RE DRIFTING OFF... YOUR WILL IS WEAKENING! LISTEN... CAN'T YOU HEAR HIM APPROACHING... YOUR MESSENGER FROM THE UNKNOWN?

BOOM BOOM

MAYBE I'M BEING HYPNOTIZED, TOO! I KNOW ONE WHEN I HEAR ONE... AND IT'S A DRUM!

SHHH-H! LOOK!



WAIT... HE'LL BE OUT OF THE HYPNOTIC TRANCE IN A FEW MINUTES! WE'LL FIND HIM... AND HER... BY FOLLOWING THE DRUM BEATS!



SOON... IN A LONELY GRAVEYARD ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN...

WHERE... WHERE AM I? I'M CONSCIOUS AGAIN, AND... SHEILA!



SO NOW YOU'VE
GOT ME! I
WONDERED
WHAT YOUR
STRONGHOLD
WOULD BE LIKE,
ERZULIE!

AND YOU MAY STILL WONDER!
THIS IS MERELY AN OLD BURIAL-
GROUND--A STOPPING-OFF PLACE
UNTIL WE CAN RETURN TO THE
LONELY DEPTHS OF THE
HAITIAN JUNGLE!



BOOM!
BOOM!

YES, WE ARE **READY** TO RETURN...
NOW THAT WE HAVE THE DRUM--AND THE
CAMERA--AND TWO **NEW** ZOMBIES
IN THE RANKS OF THE UNDEAD! **YOU**
AND THE GIRL!



ERZULIE GOT A LITTLE OVER-CONFIDENT--
CHANGING THE ZOMBIES BACK TO THEIR
USUAL PHYSICAL FORMS! **THEY CAN**
FEEL A PUNCH
NOW!



ERZULIE PROMISED ME THAT WE'D ALWAYS
BE TOGETHER THERE, BILL...THE TWO OF
US--FOREVER!

**NO, SHEILA... YOU DON'T
KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING!**
WE'RE NOT COMPLETELY IN HER
EVIL POWER... **AND I'LL PROVE**
IT!



WE'RE READY TO RETURN TOO,
ERZULIE-- BACK TO THE KIND
OF LIFE HUMANS WERE MADE
TO LEAD--AND I'M
TAKING **THIS!**



YOU THINK TO ESCAPE--**NOW?**
WHEREVER YOU GO--**THEY** WILL
PURSUE! WHEREVER YOU HIDE
--THE DRUMS OF THE UNDEAD
WILL SOUND--HOUR AFTER HOUR
--NIGHT AFTER NIGHT--**UNTIL**
YOU YIELD!

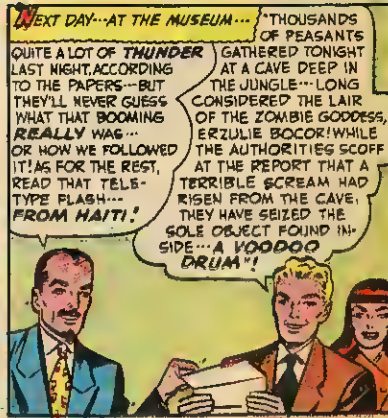
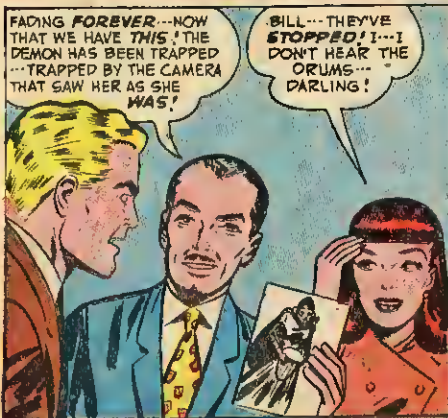
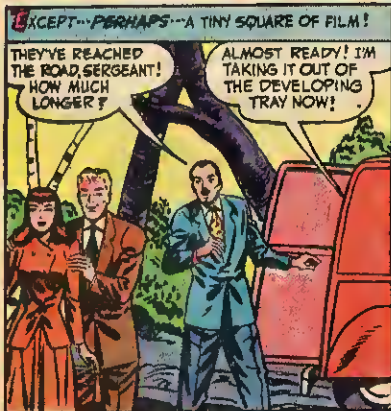
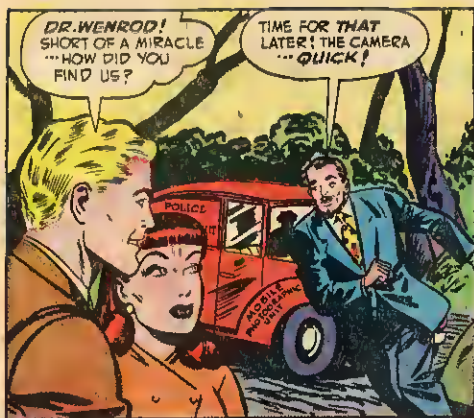


(AND THEY **DO** PURSUE--WITH
SLOW, PLODDING STEPS--ON
THE TRAIL OF A QUARRY THAT
CANNOT ESCAPE!

I--I CAN'T
SHAKE 'EM
OFF!



SCREEEEECCH!



EDITOR

LET'S TALK IT OVER!

Draw up a chair, folks, and sit down! It's time for another meeting of that fast-growing organization known as *Loyal Fans of "Adventures Into The Unknown!"*

The time between our last issue and this one has been a hectic interval for us. Hectic because we were determined to come up with an all-star issue that you'd remember forever! We didn't leave a single stone unturned in this effort. We scanned your letters for the types of stories you liked best. And then we turned our research men loose, with orders to search for strange, little-known facts and occurrences out of the great Unknown—the very kind of material which you'd indicated you wanted! Next, our writers got busy, welding this information into tense and breathless plots which were sure-fire. Finally came the artists, bringing the stories to life through the medium of carefully-

planned and thrilling pictures.

Out of all this has emerged an issue loaded with truly gripping stories of the Supernatural. Such stories as "The Swami's Secret"—"The Apr. Demon"—"The Mummy's Cloth"—"Drums of the Undead"—"The Case of the Roman Curse." These yarns are different—nothing like them has ever been published before! And we've gathered them for your entertainment, for this is your magazine! So why not do your part in helping to determine what we're going to carry in the future? It's easy—all you have to do is write us, telling us what you think of "Adventures Into The Unknown"—what stories you liked or disliked and why—and what you'd like to see in our next issue! Other readers are doing it—so why not you! And just in case you'd like to know what some of those others are saying about us, here goes!

"I have always been fascinated by supernatural stories. I have read many such stories, but after I read your *Adventures Into The Unknown* for the first time, I feel that the stories you print are more realistic and exciting than any that I have ever read. I like them because they appeal to the imagination. I look forward to every issue and can't put down your comics book till I finish it. Keep up the good work!"

—Fred W. Goldstein, 811 E. 178th St., New York, N. Y.

Glad you feel that way about our magazine, Mr. Goldstein! We'll try to keep it rolling the way you want it!

"In my opinion, yours is the best magazine on sale today. I have always been a follower of this type of literature and I think that *Adventures Into The Unknown* is tops in this field. It is so good that I have decided to own every issue published. Here is \$1.20 for a 12-issue subscription, plus 20c for which please send me issues Nos. 1 and 2, which I unfortunately missed. Thanks a million for the most thrilling comics book I have ever read!"

—James Parry, R.F.D. No. 2, Taft Road, E. Syracuse, N. Y.

Thanks for your kind words, Mr. Parry—and for your subscription! There's even better material coming—that's a promise!

"I have just finished reading your April-May issue. It certainly is a wonderful magazine! I especially liked your story, *Back to Yesterday*. I wish you would have more stories concerning reincarnation. I'd also like to see a whole magazine filled with nothing but stories about werewolves. I'm very interested in that subject! Unfortunately, I missed the issue which told about your contest. I've quite a story to tell—could you renew the contest? Your faithful reader—"

—David Roggensack, R.R. 1, Altoona, Iowa

We'll keep your wants in mind in framing future issues! Sorry you missed the contest, but we're considering an even more interesting one for the future—watch for announcement!

In this issue—our second-prize contest-winning story—"Ghost Mother," by Mrs. J. Yakayima! Congratulations, Mrs. Yakayima, for one of the most captivating and eerie stories in months! Your check's in the mail right now, bound for far-off Hawaii! And you readers—watch for our next issue, with more prize-winning information!

SOMETHING NEW... *Something* DIFFERENT!

FOR THE FIRST TIME...THRILL-LADEN ROMANCES...GRIPPING LOVE STORIES! HEART-THROB TALES YOU'LL REMEMBER FOREVER...BECAUSE THEY MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED TO **YOU!** FOR GREAT ADVENTURES IN ROMANCE...FOR THE MOST CAPTIVATING LOVE STORIES EVER TOLD...

*Don't
Miss*

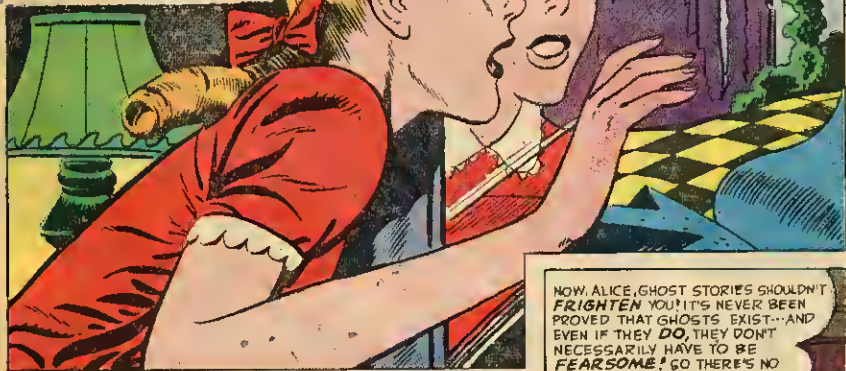


The MAGAZINE OF YOUTH AND LOVE!
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ON ALL
STANDS

The WORLD beyond the MIRROR

MIRRORS HAVE FASCINATED AND FRIGHTENED MANKIND EVER SINCE THE FIRST CAVE-MAN LOOKED AT HIS REFLECTION IN A LONELY STREAM AND REACHED DOWN TO SEIZE HIS IMAGE... ONLY TO RE-COIL IN TERROR! AND DOWN THROUGH THE AGES, ONE GROPING, PUZZLING THOUGHT HAS ALWAYS RECURRED... WHAT WORLDS LIE BEHIND THE SURFACE OF A GLITTERING, IMPENETRABLE MIRROR? AND IS IT IMPENETRABLE?



LET'S LOOK IN ON A QUIET, MOODY GIRL, FOREVER ABSORBED IN BOOKS!... AND TODAY, IN HER UNCLE'S LIBRARY, SHE'S FOUND ONE VOLUME THAT SHE CAN'T TEAR HERSELF AWAY FROM...

G...GOLLY! I'D SURE HATE TO MEET UP WITH ONE OF THESE GHOSTS!



NOW, ALICE, GHOST STORIES SHOULDN'T FRIGHTEN YOU! IT'S NEVER BEEN PROVED THAT GHOSTS EXIST... AND EVEN IF THEY DO, THEY DON'T NECESSARILY HAVE TO BE FEARFUL! SO THERE'S NO REASON FOR YOU TO BE AFRAID IF YOU'RE LEFT ALONE FOR A WHILE... I'M GOING OUT FOR A WALK!



HUH, AFRAID! THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID ABOUT... IF GHOSTS DO EXIST IN SOME OTHER WORLD, THERE'S NO WAY FOR ANYONE TO GET INTO THAT WORLD! OR IS THERE...?



GOSH, IF ONLY I COULD BE THE FIRST ONE TO EXPLORE A GHOST'S WORLD... IF ONLY I COULD GET INTO IT BY... BY JUST WALKING THROUGH THIS MIRROR... LIKE ALICE IN WONDERLAND!



I'D JUST HAVE TO STRETCH OUT MY HAND, LIKE THE... OHHH! M... MY HAND!... IT... IT WENT THROUGH THE MIRROR!



AND THE MOMENT ALICE IS COMPLETELY DRAWN THROUGH THE MIRROR BY SOME STRANGE, COMPELLING POWER...

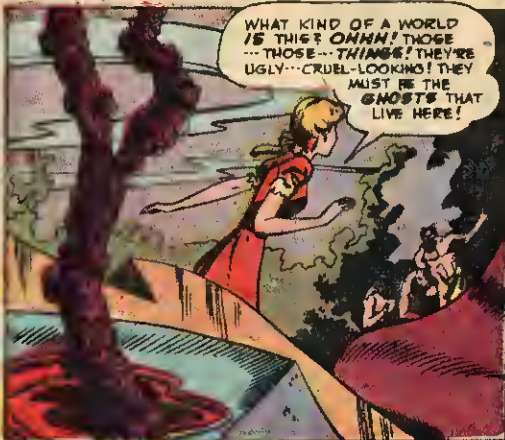
I... I'M BEING PULLED IN... BY SOMETHING! IT... IT'S ALMOST AS IF THE SPIRITS HEARD ME TALKING!



THE... THE MIRROR! IT'S DISAPPEARING! OH, WHERE AM I? WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ME?



WHAT KIND OF A WORLD IS THIS? OHHH! THOSE... THOSE... THINGS! THEY'RE UGLY... CRUEL-LOOKING! THEY MUST BE THE GHOSTS THAT LIVE HERE!



THEY'LL GET ME! I'VE GOT TO... OH, THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE... HELP! HELP!





PLEASE, **SAVE** ME FROM THEM... **SAVE** ME FROM THOSE GHOSTS! YOU'VE GOT TO!



OH, THEY'RE RUNNING AWAY... BUT FROM **WHAT?** AND I WAS SO SURE THEY'D HELP ME... THEY LOOKED SO KIND AND GOOD!



THOSE THINGS... THEY'RE STILL THERE... AND GETTING CLOSER! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!



I... I COULDN'T BEAR TO HAVE THEM NEAR ME! I'LL HAVE TO STOP THEM... **SOME WAY!**



THERE!... THESE FUNNY SHINY ROCKS OUGHT TO DO IT! AT LEAST IT'LL GIVE ME A CHANCE TO GET AWAY FOR A FEW MINUTES!



OH, THERE'S A HOUSE... AND THOSE KIND-LOOKING PEOPLE AGAIN! THIS TIME, THEY'LL **HAVE** TO HELP ME!



IT IS **SHE** AGAIN... OH, PLEASE **SPARE** US! DO US NO HARM, WE BEG YOU!

I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND... I CAME IN HERE TO ASK **YOU** FOR HELP AND PROTECTION!

YOU---WANT HELP
FROM US? BUT--
BUT YOU'RE A
-GHOST!

I'M A GHOST?
ARE YOU ALL MAD
HERE---? THOSE
TERRIBLE CREATURES
OUTSIDE---THEY'RE
THE GHOSTS!

WHY, OF COURSE
THEY'RE GHOSTS
---AREN'T THEY
HUMAN? AND
SINCE **YOU'RE**
HUMAN, THAT
MAKES **YOU**
A GHOST!

NOW I **KNOW**
YOU'RE ALL CRAZY
---YOU'RE TALKING
NONSENSE! BUT
SAY---I'M JUST
BEGINNING TO
REALIZE---YOU'RE
ALL **TRANSPARENT**
---AS IF YOU'RE---
YOU'RE--

WELL, OF COURSE---WE'RE
SPIRITS! THIS IS THE
SPIRIT WORLD! HUMANS
DON'T **BELONG** HERE--
THEY'RE **GHOSTS** TO
US, AND WE **FEAR**
THEM! BUT YOU'RE THE
FIRST GHOST IN THE
LAND OF **RORRIM**
WHO'S **DIFFERENT**
SOMEHOW--- **YOU**
DON'T TERRIFY US
AS ALL OTHERS DO!

OH, IT'S ALL SO TOSPY-TURVY...
EVEN THE NAME OF YOUR LAND
IS BACKWARDS! IF ONLY I COULD
GET BACK TO MY **OWN** WORLD,
WHERE EVERYTHING IS ORDINARY
AND CERTAIN! IF ONLY I COULD
GET BACK TO MY FAMILY...!

THERE, THERE,
DON'T CRY!
WE CAN AT
LEAST DO
THAT MUCH
FOR YOU---HERE,
TAKE HOLD OF
MY HAND!

THE MOMENT ALICE'S HAND WAS TOUCHED...

I'M---DIZZY!
EVERYTHING'S
WHIRLING
ABOUT ME---

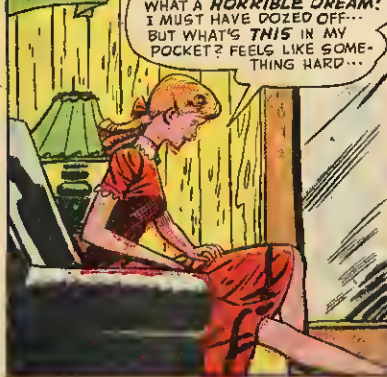


Then...

WHA---WHERE AM I? OH,
WHAT A **HORRIBLE DREAM!**
I MUST HAVE DOZED OFF---
BUT WHAT'S **THIS** IN MY
POCKET? FEELS LIKE SOME-
THING HARD---

WHY---
WHY, IT'S
ONE OF THE ROCKS
I THREW IN MY DREAM!
BUT--- **WAS IT A
DREAM?**

**WAS IT?
OR IS**
THERE SOME
STRANGE,
FANTASTIC
WORLD BEHIND
THE MIRROR
---A WORLD
IN WHICH
HUMANS ARE
THE GHOSTS?
---WHAT
DO YOU
THINK,
READER?



The CASE of the ROMAN CURSE

CHRISTOPHER FENN, EX-GI, LEFT THE ARMY TO ENTER A PROFESSION EVEN MORE DANGEROUS... THAT OF GHOST-HUNTER. ONE OF HIS FIRST, AND MOST FANTASTIC CASES TOOK HIM TO SOUTHERN ENGLAND, WHERE HE WATCHED THE CENTURIES CRUMBLE AWAY AND HEARD THE GHOSTLY, UNDYING TRAMP OF SANDALED FEET ON ROMAN ROADS! YOU, SAFE IN YOUR ARMCHAIR AND SNUG BESIDE WARM FIRES, WILL NEVER FORGET THIS STRANGE ADVENTURE INTO THE GREAT UNKNOWN...

"The CASE OF THE ROMAN CURSE!"

IN A SMALL VILLAGE IN WILTSHIRE, ENGLAND...

I DON'T LIKE WALKING HOME THIS LATE, ALF! GOT TO PASS THE OLD ROMAN CAMP!

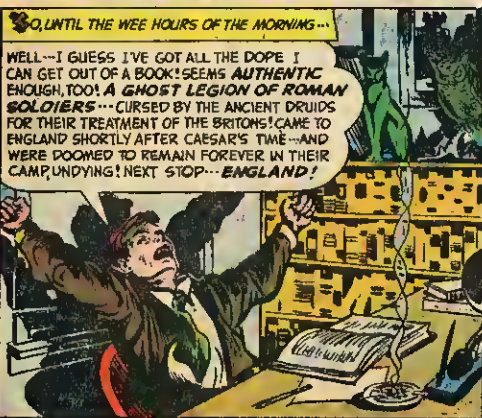
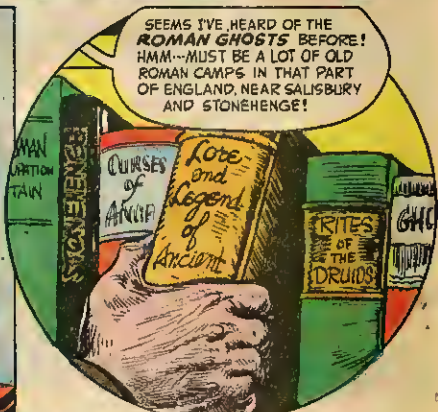
CAN'T SAY I ENVY YOU! THERE'S A MOON... AND THE YEW TREES ARE IN BLOOM! IT'S A NIGHT FOR SPIRITS!

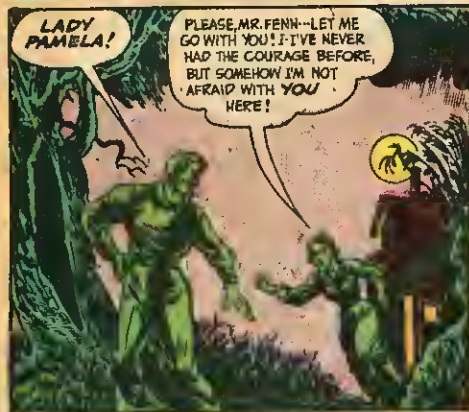
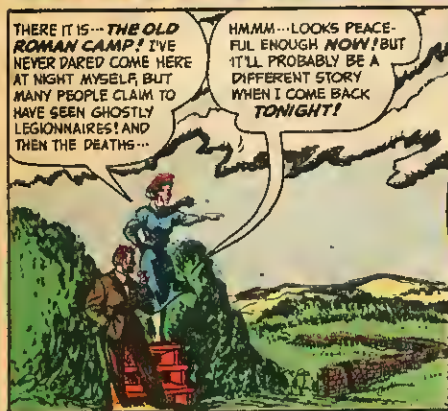
ALF'S RIGHT! THE OLD ROMAN GHOSTS ONLY APPEAR ON A MOON-LIT NIGHT, WITH THE YEW TREES OUT, AND JUST AROUND THE BEND I G-GOT TO PASS THAT HAUNTED SPOT...

SUDDENLY, FROM BEHIND A DARK, WIND-BLOWN HEDGE...

JUPITER'S BEARD... ANOTHER CURSED INTRUDER! AND HE MUST PAY THE PENALTY!











ENTER, STRANGERS...
OUR LEADER WANTS TO
HEAR YOUR STORY! BUT
IT WILL AVAIL YOU
LITTLE!

WELL, AT LEAST
WE'RE STILL ALIVE!
NOW IF I CAN JUST
KEEP TALKING FAST
ENOUGH--AND LONG
ENOUGH...



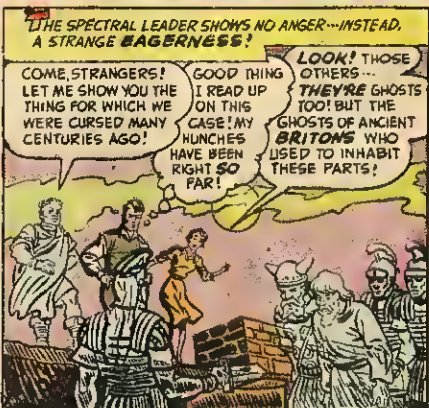
HAH--TWO MORTALS! AND TRES-
PASSING IN THE CAMP OF THE
UNDEAD! FOOLS! DO YOU NOT
KNOW THE PENALTY? WHO ARE
YOU AND WHAT DO YOU WANT
HERE?



I'M CHRISTOPHER
FENN! MY BUSINESS
IS GHOSTS--
ERADICATING
THEM!

HE--HE
MUST BE
MAD,
TALKING
LIKE THAT!
THEY'LL
SURELY
KILL US
NOW!

YOU--YOU SAY
YOU CAN
ERADICATE
GHOSTS? PLACE
THEM AT REST?

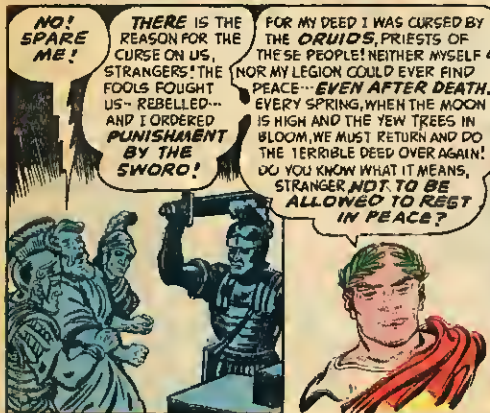


THE SPECTRAL LEADER SHOWS NO ANGER--INSTEAD,
A STRANGE EAGERNESS!

COME, STRANGERS!
LET ME SHOW YOU THE
THING FOR WHICH WE
WERE CURSED MANY
CENTURIES AGO!

GOOD THING
I READ UP
ON THIS
CASE! MY
HUNCHES
HAVE BEEN
RIGHT SO
FAR!

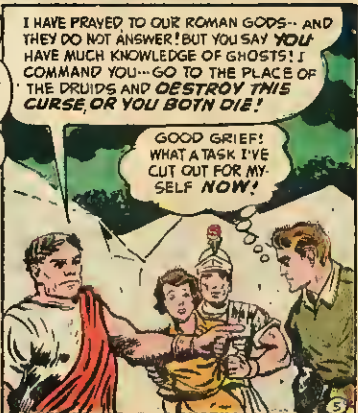
LOOK! THOSE
OTHERS--
THEY'RE GHOSTS
TOO! BUT THE
GHOSTS OF ANCIENT
BRITONS WHO
USED TO INHABIT
THESE PARTS!



NO!
SPARE
ME!

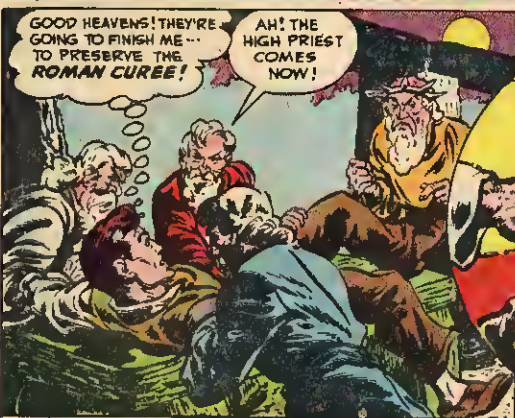
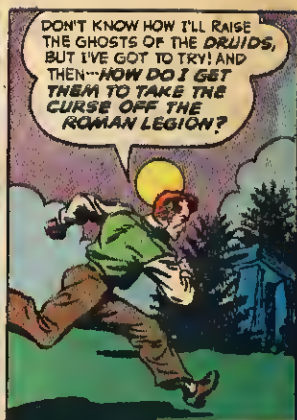
THERE IS THE
REASON FOR THE
CURSE ON US,
STRANGERS! THE
FOOLS FOUGHT
US-- REBELLED--
AND I ORDERED
PUNISHMENT
BY THE
SWORD!

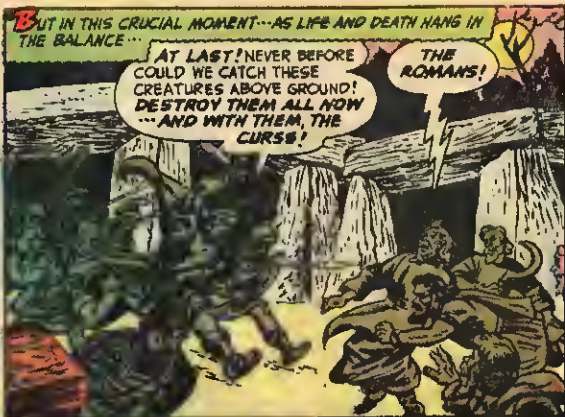
FOR MY DEED I WAS CURSED BY
THE DRUIDS, PRIESTS OF
THESE PEOPLE! NEITHER MYSELF
NOR MY LEGION COULD EVER FIND
PEACE-- EVEN AFTER DEATH!
EVERY SPRING, WHEN THE MOON
IS HIGH AND THE YEW TREES IN
BLOOM, WE MUST RETURN AND DO
THE TERRIBLE DEED OVER AGAIN!
DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT MEANS,
STRANGER NOT TO BE
ALLOWED TO REST
IN PEACE?



I HAVE PRAYED TO OUR ROMAN GODS-- AND
THEY DO NOT ANSWER! BUT YOU SAY YOU
HAVE MUCH KNOWLEDGE OF GHOSTS! I
COMMAND YOU-- GO TO THE PLACE OF
THE DRUIDS AND DESTROY THIS
CURSE, OR YOU BOTH DIE!

GOOD GRIEF!
WHAT A TASK I'VE
CUT OUT FOR MY-
SELF NOW!





IT'S AN EERIE SPECTACLE! FROM OUT OF THE UNKNOWN-- ACROSS THE DEAD CENTURIES--TWO GHOSTLY FORCES CLASH!





HAK...MY CHANCE!
WHILE HE FIGHTS THE
MORTAL, I WILL
STRIKE!

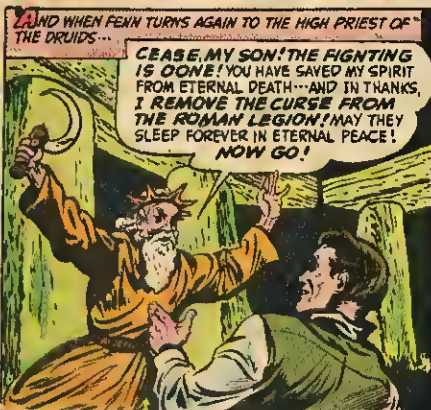


NO YOU DON'T!
I NEED HIM FOR MY
OWN ENDS! WE'LL
TRY THIS YEW SPRIG
ON YOU!

HO...YOU
DARE TO
FIGHT
ME?



AAAAHHH!
THE MAGIC OF
THE YEW! I'M
...LOST...



AND WHEN FENN TURNS AGAIN TO THE HIGH PRIEST OF
THE DRUIDS...

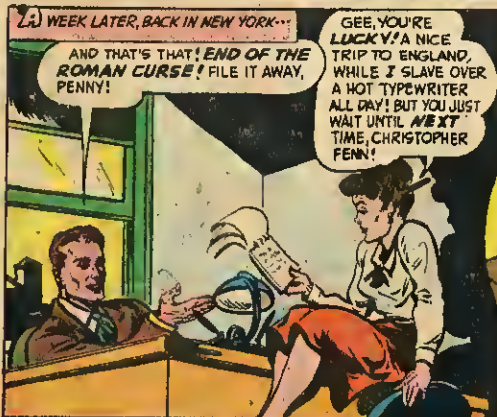
CEASE, MY SON! THE FIGHTING
IS DONE! YOU HAVE SAVED MY SPIRIT
FROM ETERNAL DEATH...AND IN THANKS,
I REMOVE THE CURSE FROM
THE ROMAN LEGION! MAY THEY
SLEEP FOREVER IN ETERNAL PEACE!
NOW GO!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

LADY PAMELA! ARE
YOU ALL RIGHT? THE
CURSE...IT'S GONE
FOREVER!

I'M...ALL RIGHT! BUT
IT WAS SO STRANGE!
SUDDENLY THE ROMANS
VANISHED...AND
EVERYTHING FELL
INTO RUINS! JUST
SEE THESE OLD
CHAIRNS...



2 WEEK LATER, BACK IN NEW YORK...

AND THAT'S THAT! END OF THE
ROMAN CURSE! FILE IT AWAY,
PENNY!

GEE, YOU'RE
LUCKY! A NICE
TRIP TO ENGLAND,
WHILE I SLAVE OVER
A HOT TYPEWRITER
ALL DAY! BUT YOU JUST
WAIT UNTIL NEXT
TIME, CHRISTOPHER
FENN!



A NICE TRIP TO ENGLAND!
BROTHER, IT WAS AN ADVENTURE
INTO THE UNKNOWN! IF
SHE ONLY KNEW!

The
END.

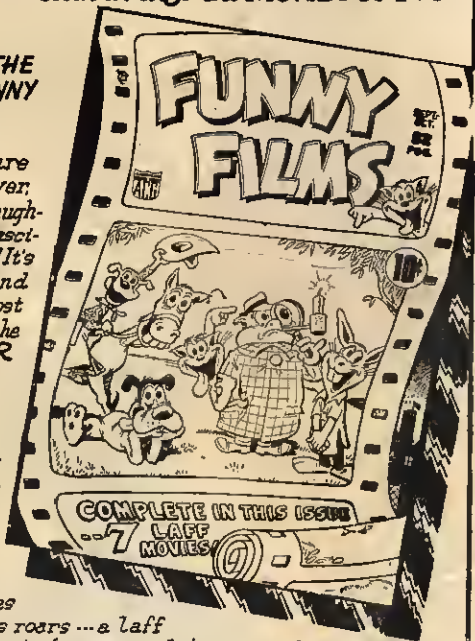
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